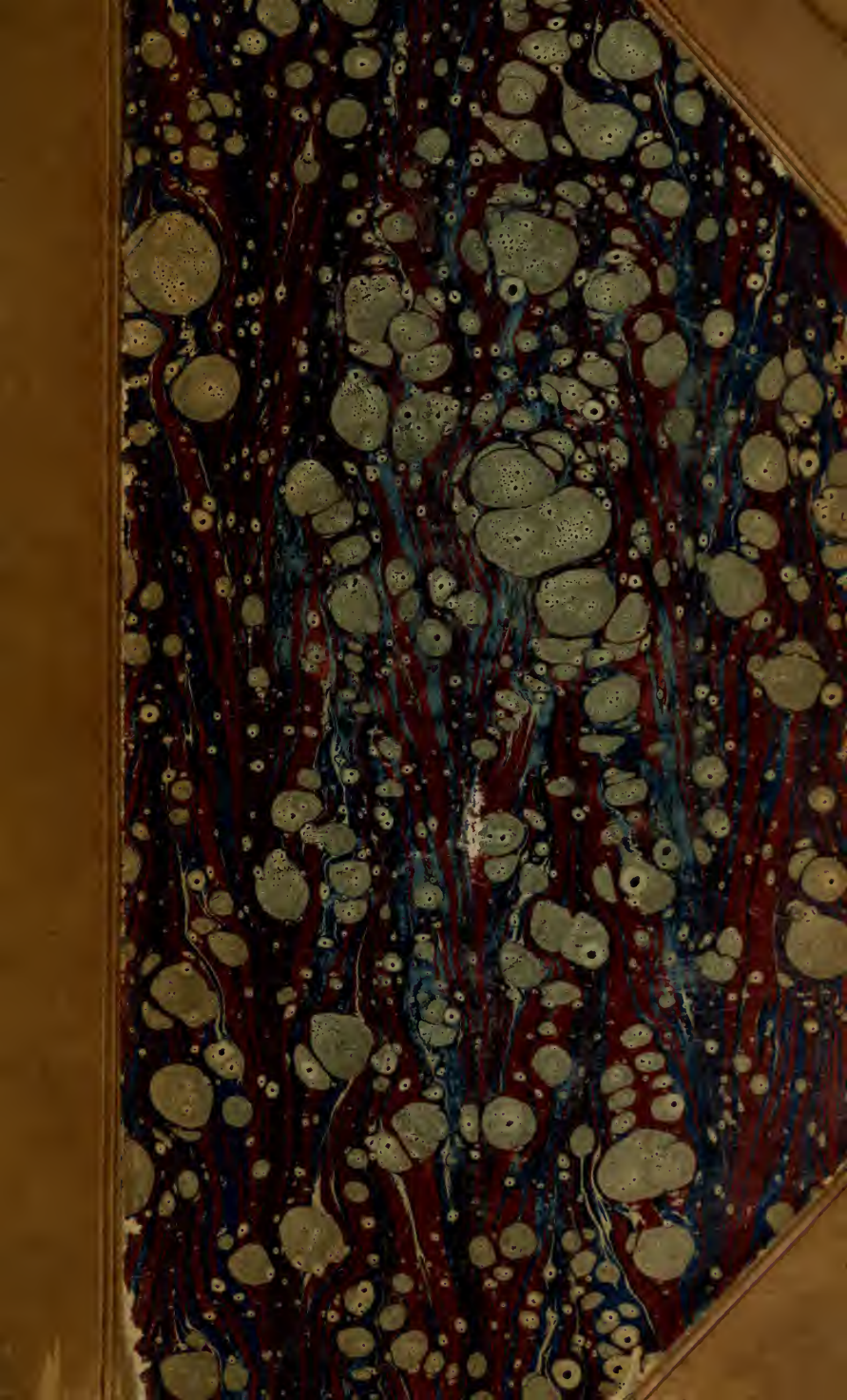






"A Life lived for India."

THE REV. PHILIP. S. SMITH

OF THE

OXFORD UNIVERSITY'S MISSION,

CALCUTTA.

"He that findeth his life shall lose it; and he that loseth his life for
My sake shall find it."

CALCUTTA :

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It was thought that the various notices which appeared in Calcutta journals, Brahmo, Hindoo, Christian and others, on the death of the Rev. Philip. S. Smith, would be of interest to our friends. They are therefore reprinted in the following pages together with an introductory note from the Bishop of Calcutta and a Report of the Memorial Meeting in the Albert Hall.

THERE are occasions when we seem to *feel* and *know* as well as *believe*, (which we are always bound to do) that the death of a faithful servant of our Lord and Master distinctly advances the cause he served. His departure awakens sentiments which would have otherwise remained dormant, it gives point to thoughts which otherwise would have remained in a state of flux, it braces individuals to acts which they would otherwise have had no sufficient strength to perform; it thus brings on a crisis in the moral and spiritual condition which otherwise would never have culminated, and so we seem to note that it has marked a stage of progress.

Now such an occasion seems indeed to have arisen in the death of our dear brother, Philip Smith. No one can know or read of all that his departure has called forth from the minds and hearts of those who knew him without recognizing that much has gone forth to the glory of God which the prolonging of his life might never have produced.

Amongst our non-Christian friends, our brother's death has been instrumental in breaking up the ground of many hearts, such a breaking up of the ground as calls for and invites us to the hopeful task of sowing broadly and freely.

Strange then as it may seem, we may thank God that this death has occurred, offer ourselves with all the more fervour to die in like manner, if only in like manner our death may advance the work we have in hand, and boldly call on others to come on and follow up the advantage gained. When we cry out for help and for more workers, it is not in despair—far from it—it is rather that we may make good our hold upon the ground assuredly gained by the devoted life and death of our brother, and make it more certainly a basis of operations for further advances.

EDWARD R. CALCUTTA.



THE REV. PHILIP. S. SMITH

OF THE

Oxford Mission to Calcutta.

Died on S. Peter's Day.

(29th June, 1887.)

The Epiphany, July 2, 1887.

NOT the least beautiful of the sayings of Him Who spake as never man spoke is the blessing pronounced on those that mourn, "Blessed are they that mourn; for they shall be comforted." (S. Matt. v. 4) In this regard our little Brotherhood has had, during the seven years of its life, not a little of the blessing, and the comfort. First, Mr. Argles was taken from us by death; then Mr. Willis utterly broke down, and has ever since remained entirely incapacitated for any kind of work; then Mr. Hornby's health succumbed to the Indian climate. And now again we have to write through our tears a few words about our Brother, the Rev. Philip Samuel Smith, who was taken to his rest on the morning of Wednesday last. For the last four or five weeks his health had caused us serious anxiety. During a visit which he made to the Hills at Ranikhet shortly after Easter, he was seized by a violent attack of the malady from which he had been suffering for seven or eight years, and which he knew well must one day prove fatal. The best medical skill was obtained for him there, and though his doctors entertained the gravest fears as to the ultimate result, he so far recovered as to be just fit to bear the difficult journey from Ranikhet down to the plains. He rested for a week or ten days under the kind care of the Chaplain at Allahabad, and when he was strong enough he was brought on to Calcutta. Our Mission House is not a very good Hospital; and it was essential that Mr. Smith, who, though in many ways far better than when he left Ranikhet, was still very weak, should have perfect quiet. Mr. Billing, whose house lies in the compound at Bishop's College, laid us under a debt of gratitude which can never be repaid, by offering to take him into his house. There, in a healthy part of Calcutta, under the tender and constant nursing of Mrs. Billing, we had good hopes that the disease might be so far checked as to allow of his returning to work with something of his former vigour. But it was not to be. His work here was done. "His soul pleased the Lord; therefore

hasted He to take him away." On Monday night he was seized with an agony of pain for two hours, and from that agony he never rallied. But faint hopes were entertained for his recovery. Mr. Townsend was sent for from the Mission House and remained with him to the end. For many hours our dear brother sat in his chair suffering, after the first paroxysm, little or no pain, beyond that which came from difficult breathing and extreme exhaustion. Now and then he would speak a little, sometimes a kindly mention of some friend, sometimes a tender expression of gratitude for any little service done him. It was most touching to see how in these last hours, the unselfishness which was not the least charming trait of his charming character shone out the more brightly. His constant anxiety was lest his brethren should be overworked because he was sick, or that he should give any trouble to those who attended him. As he had lived and worked in the constant sense of the presence of God, and in frequent communion with Him, so now in his weakness again and again he would ask that prayers might be said by his side, especially that God would give him patience. It was always one of his most marked characteristics that he thought himself most defective in those graces which most endeared him to his friends. His intellectual gifts were considerable, but he always considered every one a scholar but himself. His gentleness of manner was almost unique, but he believed himself to be the most irritable of men, and the patience with which his large and generous spirit, imprisoned in a body so frail that it seemed as if a puff of wind might shatter it, bore the pain and weakness which he suffered, will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed it. All through the night of Tuesday the symptoms of the disease became gradually more discouraging. He complained of discomfort in his swollen feet, which was relieved by rubbing. "Thank you," he murmured, "That is so nice: it is like a touch from another world come to comfort one." These were nearly his last words. Just before seven the last brief struggle came. He was lying back in Mr. Townsend's arms, resting his head on his shoulder. Mr. Townsend did for him the last offices of the Christian Religion and commended his soul to God, as into the Hands of a merciful Creator, and as the words were uttered "and the Lord grant unto thee eternal rest, and may light perpetual shine upon thee," the tender, gentle, loving soul had passed into that Presence Which on earth he had loved so well.

To one like him, whose dominant motive in life was devotion to Christ as a living Person with Whom he held daily communion, the words of the greatest Christian Missionary, St. Paul, may be reverently applied, "For to me to live is Christ, and to die is gain, having a desire to depart and be with Christ which is far better."

And now his mortal remains have been borne to the grave by Indian hands and laid in Indian soil, and his last resting place remains a memorial of that love which in all generations is being reproduced in the lives of those who love and believe in Christ, that love which desires first the glory of God, and then good-will towards men, and yearns, oh! how passionately, that no man may perish but that all may come to salvation.

For him we do not mourn, for we have a Christian's hope of re-union, and a Christian's faith in the resurrection of the body and the life of the world to come. But we mourn sadly for ourselves, who will miss his bright looks and winning ways, his helpful counsels as to what work is most worth the doing and what method the best for doing it. The bonds of nature which bind brother to brother are strong, but the bonds of the supernatural are stronger, and a loss like this is harder to bear up against than the climate. One fruit of our sorrow we would fain hope for, that those amongst whom we have made our home will not doubt that with all our English faults, sins of ignorance, negligence, weakness and wilfulness, we do truly love them, seeking not theirs, but them, and desiring to make ourselves their servants for Jesus' sake. To us our brother has left an example of loyalty to Jesus Christ, of humility, gentleness and singleness of purpose not easy to follow, but as our prayer for others is, that the cause to which our brother devoted his life, the bringing of all men "into the Unity of the Faith and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect Man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ," may be prospered by this last offering of his death, so for ourselves we would pray, that having learned to love our brother whom we have seen, we may learn thereby to love more devoutly than hitherto Him Whom not seeing we love.

A few notes may be added of biographical interest. Mr. Smith was born, we believe at or near Nottingham. He was not sent, as English boys usually are, to a public school, but was, we believe, educated by private tutors until he had nearly attained manhood, when he entered the Scotch University of S. Andrew's. From thence he went to Oxford, and obtained a scholarship at University College. He was even in those days too delicate in frame to take such an active part in the athletic amusements which are so popular amongst Oxford undergraduates, but he did not keep aloof from them, and occupied the honourable post of Coxswain, or steersman, in his College *Eight* in the annual boat races, when his College had the leading place on the river. It is interesting to remember that the stroke-oar of this same boat was pulled by a man who after having passed well in the Indian Civil Service Examination, gave up his prospect of a successful career in a secular profession and devoted his life to the dangerous and

difficult work of a Missionary in Africa. In 1876, Mr. Smith took his degree, being gazetted in the first class in the Final Classical Examination. After leaving Oxford the desire to spread the faith of Jesus Christ began to shew itself in a more marked manner. He became Oriental Fellow of S. Augustine's College at Canterbury, where young men are prepared for the Christian Priesthood, with a special view to Missionary work. Whilst at Canterbury Mr. Smith was ordained, first a Deacon, and then a Priest, by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1883 his love for the souls of his fellow-men led him to give up the post which he held at Canterbury and to throw in his lot with the Oxford Mission. Of his life here we have said enough. It is written we believe on the tender hearts of many of our readers. He is taken early from us : but only to have known him has enriched our lives ; to learn the manifold silent lessons which his life has left us may enrich us more.

Our readers will perhaps be glad to have the hymns which were sung by the Bengali choir at his grave, as the body was laid in the dust "in sure and certain hope of a blessed resurrection," through Him who has promised and cannot lie, "I am the Resurrection and the Life ; he that believeth in Me, though he were dead yet shall he live ; and whosoever liveth and believeth in Me shall never die." (S. John XI. 25, 26).



"Jesus saith unto him, Friend, go up higher."

"God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
In sparkling raiment bright,
The armies of the ransomed saints
Throng up the steeps of light :
'Tis finished ! all is finished,
Their fight with death and sin :
Fling open wide the golden gates
And let the victors in.

What rush of Alleluias
Fills all the earth and sky !
What ringing of a thousand harps
Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
O day, for which creation
And all its tribes were made !
O joy, for all its former woes
A thousand-fold repaid !

Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle
 That brimmed with tears of late ;
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great Salvation,
 Thou Lamb for sinners slain,
 Fill up the roll of Thine elect,
 Then take Thy power and reign :
 Appear, Desire of Nations,
 Thine exiles long for home ;
 Shew in the heavens Thy promised sign :
 Thou Prince and Saviour, come. Amen.

"Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

When our heads are bowed with woe,
 When our bitter tears o'erflow,
 When we mourn the lost, the dear,
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
 Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
 Thou hast shed the human tear ;
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
 For our own departed souls,
 When our final doom is near,
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
 Thou the blood of life hast shed,
 Thou hast filled a mortal bier ;
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
 With the thought of all its sin,
 When the spirit shrinks with fear,
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known,
 Though the sins were not Thine own,
 Thou hast deigned their load to bear ;
 Jesu, Son of Mary, hear. Amen.

*"I am He that liveth, and was dead ; and, behold, I am alive for evermore,
 Amen ; and have the keys of Hell and of death."*

Jesus lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us :
 Jesus lives ! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthral us.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! henceforth is death
 But the gate of life immortal ;
 This shall calm our trembling breath
 When we pass its gloomy portal.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! for us He died ;
 Then, alone to Jesus living,
 Pure in heart may we abide,
 Glory to our Saviour giving.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! our hearts know well
 Nought from us His love shall sever :
 Life, nor death, nor powers of hell
 Tear us from His keeping ever.
 Alleluia !

Jesus lives ! to Him the Throne
 Over all the world is given ;
 May we go where He is gone,
 Rest and reign with Him in heaven.
 Alleluia ! Amen.

We cannot go to press without thanking his friends and ours for the many touching expressions of grief and sympathy which we have received. Those who did not receive notices of the funeral or received them too late will kindly forgive us. We had only ten hours for making all the necessary arrangements, and many things we should much wished to have done were left undone.

The Statesman, (a Calcutta Daily,) June 30, 1887.

DEATH has mown down the members of the Oxford Mission very fast, and last evening there was laid in his last rest, not the least cultured, nor the least devoted, of the small group of Missionaries, who to the manners of English gentlemen have united the saintly living and devotion of an apostolic age. No one who knew the Rev. PHILIP. S. SMITH could help surrendering to the charm of his gentle manners ; and if any reserve mingled in the affection so readily given him, it was because, from those who saw into his mind as well as into his heart, respect claimed no less than affection. Always accessible to all classes, but never more winning than when unconsciously convincing educated men that he was a man of sanctified intellect, consecrated to the noblest and most ennobling of all Missions, he has fallen asleep early in the day of his promising Indian labours, and will leave behind him many sad mourners into whose life he carried light without knowing it, but who will deplore his loss none the less deeply, that his childlike simplicity made him unaware of the brightness of his own character.

The Rev. P. S. Smith of the Oxford Mission, died yesterday morning at 7 o'clock, of heart disease. He came of a Nottingham family and was educated at St. Andrew's University. Thence he went up to Oxford, and obtained a scholarship at University College. In 1876 he was placed on the first-class in the School of Lit. Hum. He then became Oriental Fellow of St. Augustine's College, Canterbury, and while there was ordained Deacon and Priest by the Archbishop of Canterbury. In 1883 he joined the Oxford Mission in Calcutta, and is now taken away, after a little more than four years' labour here, at the early age of thirty-three. Such is the outward skeleton of a life which, in its living reality was a thing to charm and attract all who came in contact with it. His passionate love for the people of India made him an ardent Missionary, but to his ardour he added a rare and wonderful patience, and to his patience the courage of an apostle, and the charity that "hopeth all things." Always carrying within him, from the time of his arrival, the sentence of death from the complaint which has now carried him off, he still ceaselessly taxed his strength to the utmost, so that the unselfish soul seemed to shine through his frail and shattered body: in spite of all weakness he could not bear to see any need unrelieved, or to send away any sick soul un comforted. He leaves none in India who were knit to him by the ties of human relationship, but many a one to whom he was more than a brother in the tenderness of his spiritual affection. He died at the house of the Rev. G. Billing, in the Bishop's College compound, and at 5 o'clock in the afternoon a larger number of friends, than the College Chapel would hold, were gathered within and without its walls. The early part of the burial service was said there, and the hymns "By Jesu's grave on either hand" (123 Hymns A. & M.) and "Ten Thousand Times, Ten Thousand" (222 Hymns A. & M.), were sung, while the coffin stood in the centre of the Chapel surrounded with lights, and wreathed with flowers. A procession was then formed in the following order: first, a cross-bearer; then the choir made up of boys of the School and students of the College; then the clergy; and finally the coffin borne by other students of the college; amongst those who followed we noticed most of the clergy of Calcutta, the Sisters of S. John the Baptist, many ladies and other friends, both English and Bengalee; while at the grave the party was joined by several of the leading Dissenting Ministers, amongst whom we observed the Rev. C. Jordon, Rev. G. Kerry, and the Rev. K. S. Macdonald; Father Jacob, the Armenian priest, walked in the procession, and Baboo Umesh Chunder Dutt, Headmaster of the City College, and other Brahmo friends were present. In the cemetery the Hymn "When our heads are bowed with woe," and Psalm XC were sung

as processional, and then the Rev. H. Whitehead, Principal of Bishop's College, proceeded with the service, during which the choir sang two more hymns (122 and 140 H. A. and M.) Thus was laid to rest by native hands, as he would have wished, one who might have said what Sir James Outram said of himself:—"I have loved the people of India, made their country my home, and considered it the one object of my life to promote their welfare."

The Indian Witness, (a Christian paper,) July 2, 1887.

With very great regret we have to record the death of the Rev. PHILIP S. SMITH, of the Oxford Mission, at the early age of thirty-five years. He arrived in India in March, 1883, and had been longer among us than any of the present members of the Mission. Mr. Smith was an acute sufferer from some affection of the heart from the time of his arrival, and not many weeks ago was completely prostrated at Ranikhet, where he had been sent in hope of deriving benefit from the change. He rallied from the attack, and was brought back to Calcutta about a fortnight ago, but he continued very weak, and then began to sink, and expired on last Wednesday morning. He was laid to rest in hope of the Resurrection on Wednesday evening, with the ceremonies usual with Ritualists. The Rev. H. Whitehead, Principal of the Bishop's College, read the service. Mr. Smith was one of the most loveable and devoted Missionaries that ever lived. His zeal for the regeneration of India made him wear himself out with work when he was fit for nothing but rest, and fortified him with unconquerable patience in pleading the cause of the Saviour. His mind was open like a child's and he loved the Natives. His feeling towards Dissenters was such that it would lead to complete union in the Church of Christ if it were more common. He was not only perfectly tolerant of their differences of doctrine, but he understood them. We do not know how many thousands of educated Hindoos have heard from his lips, in the clearest manner, the truth regarding sin and justification; but now the faithful voice is silent and those who heard him bear their own responsibility.

The Indian Messenger, (a Brahmo paper,) July 3, 1887.

AT mid-day on Wednesday last, all the personal friends of the Rev. P. S. SMITH of the Oxford Mission of this city, received the mournful intelligence, that their excellent friend, the good and pious Mr. Smith, had suddenly expired. We cannot describe in words the feelings with which we received the news. Calcutta knew no other foreigner of so amiable a disposition and loving the

people of this country with such sincerity. We knew him not only as a preacher of Christianity, but also as a fellow-worker in every noble cause calculated to uplift the people. To us Brahmos he was specially dear. To our young men he was a friend and counsellor in all their needs. His affable manners often added to the enjoyment of our social circles and friendly gatherings. To Calcutta Brahmos his loss is a personal loss, and many of them hastened, even at a short notice, to join the funeral procession as a mark of respect. It will be very difficult to find another Mr. Smith for many years to come. He succumbed at the early age of thirty-three years, under heart-disease, from which he had been suffering almost since his arrival.

The Indian Nation, (a Bengalee political paper,) July 4, 1887.

IT is with feelings of deep regret we have to announce the death of Rev. PHILIP S. SMITH, of the Oxford Mission. Mr. Smith fell a victim to work. He was a man of slender physique and had been suffering for some time from disease of the heart, to which he ultimately succumbed. To look at him would remind one of Carlyle's description of Stirling—intense feeling, exuberant energy, great mental power, all confined in a hectic frame which was burnt out by the fire within. A brilliant, beautiful soul, 'with his ever-flowing wealth of ideas, fancies, imaginations; with his frank affections, inexhaustible hopes, audacities, activities, and general radiant vivacity of heart and intelligence, which made the presence of him an illumination and inspiration wherever he went!' The doctors had advised him rest, but rest he could not have. He gave up long walks, but his mind could not be tied. He was an assiduous, active student and worker to the last. He was a scholar of high accomplishments, but his time was occupied not with mere reading but sustained, practical work. In addition to his duties as a Missionary, he did a vast deal of useful and generous work in private life and social life. To his exertions the Oxford Mission Debating Club owes its existence, and it was due mainly to his loving spirit that so many of our respectable countrymen and such a large number of Hindu students were attracted to the Oxford Mission House. In addition to formal meetings of the Club, social meetings were held, mainly at his instance, in which Hindus felt themselves perfectly at home within the walls of a Christian Institution. He never declined to receive visitors, or to do them such service as it was in his power to render. He had keen interest in every variety of intellectual work. His courtesy to all men, high and low, his attention to boys and children, his sympathy with the distressed, his active charity will be remembered by all who knew him.

in private life. It is not customary with us to thrust on the public our personal feelings, but we feel that in the present case we should not be doing justice to the memory of Rev. Philip Smith or to ourselves, if we did not express our sense of the deep personal loss we have sustained. Our relations with him commenced under circumstances which brought into relief the magnanimity of his character, which was one of his principal features, and which we shall never forget. Mr. Smith had no enemy; and he died in peace.

The Sangibani, (a vernacular paper,) July 2, 1887.

(Translated from the Bengalee.)

LAST Wednesday the inhabitants of Calcutta lost an English Clergyman of a liberal mind and unimpeachable character. The sudden death of the Rev. PHILIP SMITH of the Oxford Mission has saddened many a heart. It is seldom we find a Clergyman in these days combining such an open and liberal disposition with so much personal holiness. Uncompromising Christian though he was, he mixed freely with all sorts of people and conversed with them on religious topics whatever might be their colour or their creed. Crowds of ragged and dirty boys would gather round him in the streets and pull his clothes or plague him in other ways, but he would kindly take them up and kiss them. Many a time we have been delighted to watch a scene like this. The ideal which his teaching and example implanted in the hearts of many students must act beneficially on their future lives; whoever came in contact with him and talked freely to him, for however short a time, was at once struck with the beauty and holiness of his mind and the devotedness of his character. The more such Clergymen of his type of mind and character are multiplied the more rapid will be the improvement of this country and of society at large.

The Bengalee, (a political paper,) July 2, 1887.

It is with a sense of deep regret that the native community of Calcutta have heard the news of the death of the Rev. MR. PHILIP SMITH of the Oxford Mission. Mr. Smith was a quiet and unobtrusive but enthusiastic worker in the cause of our country's social and moral reform. Above all, he was the staunch friend of the student community and won their hearts. We are glad that a large and enthusiastic public meeting was held in honour of his memory at the Albert Hall on Thursday last. Babu Krishna Behari Sen was in the chair.

We hope the meeting will not end in smoke; but that the Committee will succeed in raising a Memorial worthy of the good

man, whose memory they desire to perpetuate. The meeting is significant of one fact and it is this—that there is no lack of gratitude among us for those Englishmen who consecrate their lives for our benefit.

To the Editor of the Statesman.

SIR,—The student community have received a heavy blow in the untimely death of the Rev. Philip Smith of the Oxford Mission. The sad news has taken them all by surprise. It is two months since he left Calcutta for Naini-Tal, and he returned to Calcutta only a week ago. Heart disease was killing him for a long time, but he gave no indications of it in his work; and was unflinching in the discharge of the holy duties for which the Almighty Father had ordained him. His life was a great example to the students of Calcutta, and the one endeavour of his life was to promote both their intellectual and moral welfare. He left no means untried to improve the morality of the young, and he was the life and soul of the “purity movement.” The students of 14, College-street, will ever remember how he stood by them in their endeavours to get rid of the houses of ill-fame. The Mission will suffer much by his death. He was the most experienced and popular of its Members.

GIRISH CHUNDER CHAKRAVARTY.

Calcutta, June 30, 1887.

A MEMORIAL MEETING.

A MEMORIAL meeting for PHILIP SAMUEL SMITH was held on Thursday, July 5th, at the Albert Hall. There was a very large number of native gentlemen present, and there were also a few European gentlemen, among whom were Rev. C. H. Harrington, Rev. G. Billing, Rev. A. W. Atkinson, Mr. J. F. Ferguson, Dr. L. Salzer, &c. Baboo Krishna Behari Sen presided. The Chairman in opening the meeting said:—The friends and admirers of the late Rev. P. S. Smith have done me the honour to ask me to preside at this meeting. I have felt very great diffidence in complying with this kind request. The chairmanship might have devolved upon a far abler and worthier person than myself, and if I have consented to occupy this dignified post, it is only because I feel that I yield to none in my appreciation of the many sterling and solid qualities which adorned the private and public life of the Missionary whose premature departure from the world we come to mourn to-day. When the Oxford Mission came to this country, the journal with which I happened to be connected at the time was the first to offer a cordial welcome to its

Members, and it is a sort of melancholy satisfaction that so soon after its establishment the Mission has more than justified the expectations that had been formed of it. The best justification, indeed, has been afforded by the life and death of the Rev. Philip Smith. Many of you—most of you—did not share in the theological views of Mr. Smith; but we are all aware that beneath the hard shell of orthodoxy there lay hidden a heart which was large enough, broad enough, loving enough, to sympathise with all your wants, and with which you also could very largely sympathise. It fell to my lot more than once to engage in pleasant passages of arms with him, and I can assure you that from every encounter we emerged better friends than ever. There is never a pleasanter duty in this world than to have to deal with a courteous opponent, and Mr. Smith was above all a finished and perfect gentleman. The prejudices against Christian Missionaries are disappearing. Educated men learn to measure a work by the good it can produce, its latent tendencies and high aspirations. For my part I do not care if my neighbour is a Christian, provided we have got in him one citizen the more whom we may count upon in the hour of our country's perils as a patriot, well-wisher and benefactor. In the present situation and circumstances of our country there ought to exist a keen competition among various agencies as to who could produce a large number of really good men; and if Christian Missions are able to produce them, we welcome them for that reason only, if for nothing else. In a country like India where race antagonism exists in all its naked deformity, where wounds are frequently inflicted without the least provocation, we do require the presence of men who will apply to the wounds the balm of Christian charity and consolation. The Rev. P. Smith was a man of the type we seek. A man of the broadest culture, he possessed the highest qualifications of a Missionary, and if his life had been spared to us, he would have been a potent factor in the social, moral, and religious progress of our community. Gentlemen, I hope that you will carefully consider the resolutions which will be brought before you to-day, for rest assured that in honouring a man like the Rev. P. Smith, we only honour ourselves.

Mr. Protap Chunder Mozoomdar, in moving the first resolution spoke as follows:—

“My return to Calcutta was so abrupt and my absence has been so prolonged, that at a mixed meeting like this I almost expected to see the familiar figure and the delicate outline of the well-known face of the late Rev. Philip Smith. Tell me what social meeting was there, what friendly assembly, what gathering for the moral and religious welfare of the rising generation was there at which his

genial presence was not to be met with? At the house of native gentlemen who had in their heart the great object of promoting the intellectual, moral and religious welfare of our countrymen, he was a frequent, unasked visitor. He never wanted that his visits should be returned. In the uncomfortable lodgings of students was he not to be seen many times in the day, spending hours in profitable, exalting discourse? Though his religious views were so uncompromising, and his religious habits so unmistakable, yet his heart was so Catholic, his principles so unsectarian, that he made his usefulness felt throughout the whole community of Calcutta. Now that he has been called home, and his lamp is gone out before the time, it yields us a sad satisfaction to meet together for the purpose of doing honour to his memory. Indeed his place in the Christian Mission, far less in the Oxford Mission, cannot be easily filled up. His loss is irreparable. Yet it is some consolation to think that, though his presence is withdrawn from us, his life is still with us. As a friend of Mr. Smith's and as one who had frequent opportunities of communing with him, I must say a word about the great loss his death has caused. This loss is the more grievous because he has departed so soon. He was in Calcutta not more than three years. Reflect upon the marvellous energy which had to be put forth to earn in this brief period the popularity and reputation for usefulness by which he will be always remembered. There are some men in whom the spirit so dominates over the flesh, so tyrannises over the frail environment, that the flesh cannot bear its burden long. But in these men there burns such a noble passion for all that is good and pure that, though they go soon, yet they live for ever. For he lives indeed who lives in the hearts of others in spirit and in truth. Truly did the Rev. Philip Smith imitate the glorious Ideal by whose name he was known, by living in this country a life deep and profound. What shall we say of his life? It was so gentle, so good, that his features have painted themselves upon our mental vision for all time. His zeal, his faith, his activity were so incessant, so fervid, so manly, that it was a wonder how he could combine so much strength with so much tenderness. Aptly may we apply to him those lines of Tennyson,

"And manhood fused with female grace
In such a sort, the child would twine
A trustful hand, unasked, in thine,
And find this comfort in thy face."

Manhood and womanhood, tenderness and strength, blended in his sweet character. In thinking of him I am reminded of some mediæval saint, overflowing with kindness to bird, and beast, and man. But most kind was he to you young men, who are

learners of truth, and who want to cultivate the love of God in the heart. It is pleasant to see so many young men present to-day to do him honour. There is one thing about Christian Missions, and specially about Protestant Missions, which often attracts attention. Complaints are sometimes heard that the life of the Missionaries too closely resembles the life of ordinary Englishmen, and that their self-indulgence repels the religious instincts of an abstemious people. The Cowley Fathers and the Oxford Mission have done much to remove the ground of those complaints. For my own part, I have never thought that Missionaries taking proper precautions for the preservation of their health have sinned against the moral dictates of religious men. But in every country it is necessary to accommodate oneself to the customs and ideas of the people. In this respect the Cowley Fathers and the Oxford Missionaries have set an example which must be productive of much good. In the last few years several noble lives have been sacrificed. There was Father O'Neill. Who does not remember to what privations and hardships he subjected himself. Then there was Mr. Argles who in many respects resembled the friend whose loss we mourn to-day, and who shewed a like example of self-sacrifice, and confirmed the influence of him who had gone before. Then there was Mr. Willis whose health has so completely broken down that he is living a living death to all those things in which he used to take so keen an interest. And then Mr. Hornby's health succumbed to our Indian climate. These men have redeemed Christian Missions from the unjust aspersions which have been cast upon them. In this age the world is suffering from self-indulgence. A far western civilization is teaching us practices which we heartily wish could be swept away. Such a life as that of the Rev. Philip Smith will contribute much to the true welfare of this country. Such Missionaries as he redeem all the faults with which the English character is marred. They hold up to all, the ideal of a noble life sacrificed for the good of their fellow-men.

I have now only to move the first resolution :—

That this Meeting express its deep sense of the great loss sustained by the whole community in Calcutta through the untimely death of the Rev. PHILIP SAMUEL SMITH, and its sincere admiration of the life and character of one, who by his gentle and affectionate disposition endeared himself to all who knew him, and by his humble piety, untiring zeal and devotion to his duty set forth before the people of this country a noble ideal of a life sacrificed for the good of his fellow-men.

The resolution was seconded by a gentleman of the Parsee community, R. D. Mehta, Esq., who said, "I am conscious of the

disadvantage at which I am placed in following so distinguished an orator as Mr. Mozoomdar. But even were I possessed of any oratorical gifts you would not ask for these now. My task is a simple though a sad one. We are gathered round the tomb of the gentlest spirit that ever breathed in India. With this tribute to his memory I unite with you all in your heartfelt demonstration of grief at his departure.

Mr. C. N. Dass, in supporting the resolution, said :—I am only a student, and have to speak before many learned and accomplished speakers. I have not risen from any desire to show off my powers, but simply to unburden myself of the feelings of gratitude and reverence with which Mr. Smith inspired me. I say this as the representative of the *Students' Association*, which Mr. Smith has laid under a deep debt of gratitude. We have lost in him one of our truest and ablest friends. His spirit has soared away, but it still lives amongst us, and his life will remain a source of strength to us to bring us back from our wanderings and to carry us through temptations. For his morality and for his piety we admired him. His admiration often gave us strength, and his lessons have not been without effect upon our lives. His life was all unselfishness. For the students he has done much. There was no movement on foot but he was associated with it. There are lives which shine from a distance, and the chief charm that they have is lent by distance. When we approach them we find them merely Dead Sea apples. Not such a life was the simple and unostentatious life of Mr. Smith. The nearer you approached him the more you admired him. And now it has pleased the Almighty to take him away. It is sad to think that his sun has gone down while it is still day. Yet why sad? He has passed to the heavenly Country. To his bereaved family and on behalf of the students of Calcutta, I offer the most heartfelt condolence. But he is not dead; in the treasure Home of the Almighty he is amongst God's jewels.

The Rev. H. Whitehead, then moved the second resolution. "That the chairman be requested to convey to the family of the Rev. PHILIP SAMUEL SMITH as well as to the Members of the Oxford Mission the heartfelt sympathy of this meeting with their sorrow for his loss and to forward them a copy of the previous resolution."

It is a matter of no small regret that even those who lived on the most intimate terms with Mr. Smith can furnish but scanty details of his life. I had hoped that we might have traced the influences which gradually built up the character which was so attractive and so powerful for good. Perhaps the few facts which I know may bring out just the outline of his moral and spiritual history. It is perhaps known to most of you

that he was born at Nottingham in the year 1853. His family was essentially a religious one. From his earliest childhood he was trained in habits of devotion, and he sometimes spoke of the influence which his father and mother exerted over his after-life. His parents sent him first to a private school, and from thence he went to the Scotch University of S. Andrew. In 1872 he went up to Oxford to compete for a scholarship at Balliol, and it was on that occasion that I first met him. I well remember the vivid impression his striking figure left upon my mind. There was the same keen, restless, intellectual vigour which we knew in Calcutta, but I do not remember that he had in those days that sweet gentle smile which was characteristic of him here. He eventually entered at University College, and I never met him again to speak to until his University days were over. His life there was an intellectual life and his successes were intellectual successes, and his labours were rewarded by a first class in the final classical schools. His physique debarred him from athletics, and his only claim to distinction in this direction was that he steered his College *eight*. In that boat he sat face to face with a man who exercised no small influence over him, William Percival Johnson, the most enthusiastic Missionary which Oxford has sent out in modern times, and one who has done as great and heroic work amongst the tribes of Africa as Mr. Smith has done amongst the intellectual people of Bengal. Mr. Smith has told me that he owed much of his Missionary zeal to William Johnson.

But the most interesting feature is his religious life. What would be the influence of Oxford, with all its manifold currents of thought, upon a character so open to religious impressions as his? To many of you who knew only his simple piety it may be a shock to be told that his life at College was not religious. Earnest, moral, self-sacrificing it was, but it did not escape that spirit of scepticism which is the danger of a period of intellectual growth. He often used to speak, in after days, of this period with deep self-reproach. We perhaps can take a more lenient view than he allowed himself to take. His early training was devotional, but it was not such a training as would altogether fit him to withstand the assaults of a critical philosophy and an enquiring spirit. When therefore he came in contact with a spirit opposed to the teaching of his childhood he was unable to give an answer for the hope that was in him. He had, it seemed, to choose between submission to an irrational authority and reason. He chose reason. How long this period of scepticism lasted I do not know, but it was not till after he left Oxford that he returned to the faith of his childhood. But when he did return

the return was complete, and from henceforth the Faith dominated his whole life. When his University Examinations were over he was, no doubt, able to enter upon a period of more calm reflection. His faith from this time forth was not merely the faith of an ardent and enthusiastic mind, but it was the deep steady conviction of one who had passed through and emerged from a period of philosophic doubt. It was whilst he was at S. Augustine's College, Canterbury, where he was Oriental Fellow, that he determined to devote himself to the work of his life. He gave himself to the Oxford Mission. In 1883, before he left England he came and stayed with me at Trinity College in Oxford. I have never seen a soul more aglow with enthusiasm than his was at that time. The speech which he made at our meeting was short, but every word burned with the fiery energy which seemed kindled in his feeble frame.

What his life was in Calcutta you know. How he worked for all that was noble and pure and true you have witnessed. How unreservedly he gave himself to the people of this country you have seen. Your presence here to-day proves that he did not labour in vain. As he worked for others so they have given back into his bosom full measure, pressed down, shaken together and running over. For myself, I have known him intimately for three years, and seldom have I known a more guileless and lovable soul. He was not one thing in public and another in private. The same enthusiasm which he shewed in public he shewed also in all the relations of private life. He bore the troubles of life with an equanimity which surprised us. He had to endure hardships, privations, and all the depressing influences of a fatal disease, but I never saw him out of temper, nor heard him utter a hasty word. He had, indeed, a great power of righteous indignation; when any story of injustice came to his ears, or if any question were raised about public morals, he could use strong and indignant words. But I never heard him utter a hasty speech for any private wrong.

But to understand his character we must go down deeper. If I were asked what was his leading characteristic I should say personal, individual love. He was not merely the advocate of a cause or the preacher of a creed, but he sought for the souls of those to whom he was sent. And this is why his death has aroused such widespread sorrow. Some may regard him principally as an earnest Missionary, as a zealous and chivalrous champion of the oppressed and the needy, but we shall all feel that in his death we have lost the purest and most lovable soul that it was ever our privilege to meet with. His love was no passing impulse, but the natural outcome of deep religious feeling. He

loved because he saw in each with whom he came in contact a being endowed with an immortal soul. He had clear insight into the deep issues of life. For this reason he knew no distinction of race or class. I recollect once his coming to stay with me at Bishop's College. He was in a state of great depression and exhaustion, and it was of the highest importance that he should be kept perfectly quiet. I had left him for a little while lying in my room beneath the punkah where I thought he could get at nobody, but what was my dismay to find him on my return sitting in the hottest part of the verandah holding an animated religious conversation with the punkah-wallah. He did not look on men as servants or as punkah-wallahs, but as men, who were destined for immortality, and made in the image of God. His life, I repeat, was essentially a religious life; it was from religious love that all the energy of his soul welled up. His religion, as his work, was founded upon love. Not seldom he was compelled to engage in religious controversy, but even on these occasions he loved rather to dwell upon the practical aspects of life and upon such broad fundamental truths as the existence of God, the certainty of the future life, the judgment to come, and the authority of conscience. He liked rather to meditate upon the love of God than to speculate upon His ways.

And now he is gone. I have heard many remarks on every side testifying to the greatness of our loss. One laments that he has lost a personal friend; another says "he was like a brother to me," another "he was more than a father." It is true: we have lost one who was more gentle, loving, peaceable than we have known elsewhere. This being so, we can imagine what his loss is to his own family and to those with whom he was associated in his work.

Pundit Siva Nath Sastri in seconding the resolution said: I rise to combine my voice with those who have preceded me in condoling with the family of Mr. Smith and with his brethren of the Oxford Mission. It is a pious duty. I came only seldom into contact with Mr. Smith, but I have been much impressed with his sterling qualities of head and heart. From the sorrow which we ourselves feel we may gather what must be the grief of his friends in England and of the Members of the Oxford Mission. The balm of human sympathy is the only consolation we can offer, but that we give with all our heart.

Mr. R. C. Gopal in supporting the resolution said that the death of Mr. Smith had deprived him of a friend and a brother whose memory must always be respected and loved.

The Rev. Kali Charan Banerji, of the Free Church of Scotland then moved that the following gentlemen be appointed to serve on a Committee for the purpose of raising some suitable Memorial.

Rev. G. Billing.	Babu Joy Gobindo Shome.	
„ W. Smith.	Rev. Kali Charan Banerji.	
„ C. W. Townsend.	Pandit Siva Nath Sastri.	
Hon'ble A. M. Bose.	Babu Umesh Chandra Dutt.	
Rev. K. S. MacDonald.	O. C. Dutt, Esq.	
„ C. H. Walker.	Rev. H. Whitehead.	} <i>Secretaries.</i>
„ P. M. Mookerjea.	Babu Krishna Behari	
P. C. Mozoomdar, Esq.	Sen.	} <i>Asstt. Secys.</i>
Rev. A. W. Atkinson.	Babu Sarat Ch. Shome.	
Babu Surendra Nath Banerjea	„ Chittaranjan Das.	
N. N. Ghose, Esq.	„ Umesh Chandra	
R. D. Mehta, Esq.	Chuckraverti.	

“This resolution needs no words to recommend it. I may however take the opportunity of emphasizing some of the remarks made upon the life which has just passed away. When I consider the composition of the proposed Committee, and of this assembly, there is one thought which presents itself vividly to my mind. I cannot but feel that this meeting is one of a singular character, the like of which has never before been convened in this hall. What have we met here to do? To pay honour to a Christian Missionary, whose claim to gratitude lies in the work which he did as a Christian Missionary. He was not an Educationalist, nor a Politician, nor an Author nor a mere Philanthropist, but he was essentially and solely a Missionary, and to such an one this assembly of gentlemen professing very different creeds has met to pay a tribute of gratitude and respect. From this point of view we may, I trust, regard to-day's meeting as an Epoch—making one. We have shewn to-day that it is possible for men of various creeds to express admiration for a Christian Missionary.

The speakers who have preceded me have put before you various aspects of his life. Let me emphasize one or two. First, he was a picture of humility. There could be no question as to his abilities. That he had great intellectual gifts goes without saying. But with them all he was humble. In this we in India will do well to imitate him. Pride, and above all the pride of intellect, has been the ruin of our race. There is no wise man but will endeavour to attain the virtue embodied in the expression “picking up pebbles on the sea-shore.” Believe me there is a glory in humility. It does require a true heroism for a man of powerful intellect to bring himself down to the

level of the poor and ignorant. This feat it was the privilege of Mr. Smith, under God, to perform. Could youthful students of poor abilities look up to his high intellect? He would not let them look up: he himself came down to the level of him whose soul's welfare he sought and made him feel that he was by the side of one who was really for him.

And secondly, he was a picture of simplicity. There is a great temptation to all of us to be other than simple. Simplicity does not take with the world. The world loves show, and we are often tempted to make a display. But who are those who need to make a show? Is it not those who are not prepared to shew their work in its nakedness lest it should be reprovèd? But a writer who knows that he need not be ashamed of his work does not need to cover it up in glitter. He is quite prepared to leave his work to be tested by those who have watched him doing it. If then you wish to honour Mr. Smith imitate his simplicity, for at the bottom of simplicity you have reality. Whilst you entrust to the Committee the task of raising a suitable memorial, remember this one thing; that it remains with you, here and now, to erect the noblest memorial to his honour. Allusion has already been made to his loving spirit. If you follow his life, nay more if you have the Life of his life reflected in you there will be joy in Heaven among the Angels of God.

Dr. Salzer, in seconding the proposal said that he quite agreed that nothing was more striking in Mr. Smith's character than his humility. "The first impression which I had when first I met him was that it was a ridiculous thing for the Oxford Mission to have sent out such a man. I had a controversy or two with him, and I treated him as a school-boy. But after a few rounds, I said to my friends, "little Mr. Smith is a great power." And now I hope he will be a great power. This is his true memorial. I don't like memorials. They are mere vanity. Humanity loves to flatter humanity. But I love him. I don't know whether he loved me, but I did love him. I say this because I at first despised him, and I tried to make up for the injustice by loving him all I could."

Mr. Umesh Chunder Datta, Principal of the City College, said that as a friend and admirer of Mr. Smith's he had great pleasure in supporting the resolution. "It was not I," he observed, "who loved him, but it was he who made one love him. It was his character which made me admire him. His figure was like the figure of some guardian angel. Sometimes he might be seen in the street amusing the street-boys. That a gentleman of his intellectual attainments, a member too of the ruling race, should shew himself capable of loving the vagabonds of our race is in

my experience unparalleled. He was a man who loved the people of this country with all his heart, and he delighted to see them improved morally, intellectually and religiously, and in losing him we have not only lost a personal friend, but a friend of the nation."

A letter from the Lord Bishop of Calcutta was read expressing sympathy with the object of the meeting and regret at his inability to be present. The letter concluded with the following words: "I hope that the day is not far distant when India's own sons will exhibit those qualities for which Philip Smith was so conspicuous."

The Rev. A. W. Atkinson then proposed a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the proceedings terminated.

Similar resolutions of sympathy were passed by the Students' Association, the Thunthunia Reading Room and the Home Club.

SERVICE AT THE OXFORD MISSION CHAPEL.

On Sunday July 16, the Service of Vespers was held in the Mission Chapel and was largely attended, the majority of the congregation being Hindoos. Shortly before six the choir and clergy formed for procession at the gate of the Mission House, and, with the processional cross before, passed across the quadrangle and up the stairs into the Chapel, singing the hymn

Through the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band;
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the promised Land.

The Address was delivered by the Rev. H. Whitehead, Principal of Bishop's College, on *Some Lessons from the Life of the Rev. Philip Smith*.

The following is a report of his discourse.

"In that little history of the beginnings of the Christian Religion called *The Acts of the Apostles* we read about a great Christian Missionary named Barnabas. Barnabas was sent on a certain occasion to Antioch, and the historian in relating the circumstance of his visit makes no mention of the great and successful labours of the Missionary, nor of the eloquent sermons he had preached, nor of the number of converts he had made, but simply says of him that "he was a good man." These words we may fitly apply to Philip Smith. He was not what the world would call a great man. We who knew him did not so much admire him for any power of intellect or of oratory, though he had great gifts, but we felt that he was essentially a good man; and that was why we loved him.

This evening we are to try and learn some lessons from his life and character. For a beautiful character is like a beautiful work of art. It requires to be looked at again and again, and to be contemplated with loving admiration before we can appreciate its excellence. When we look at some fine picture by a great artist, we are at first impressed by a vague sense of beauty and form. But as we gaze longer and return again and again to study it, the beauty emerges into more definite and clearer outline. Gradually every line and every feature becomes instinct with meaning. It is just so with the character of a really good man. At first we are attracted to it by a general sense of beauty and power, but the more earnestly we contemplate it the deeper becomes the impression, and we see more and more clearly how the governing principles of self-sacrifice and heroism are stamped upon all the smallest actions of life. Beauty and power shine out, not only in the general outlines of the life, but in all its most insignificant details.

The character of the dear friend whom we have lost was essentially a beautiful character. It was a pleasure to be in his society. His visits were looked forward to as a marked day in the week. He shed around him wherever he went an atmosphere of cheerfulness, unselfishness and love. In his presence we felt that we were in the presence of a great love. And now it is a pleasure—a sad pleasure perhaps, but still a pleasure—to dwell upon his memory. Let us try then and recall some of the chief features of his character, and see what lessons we may learn from his life.

All those who knew Philip Smith were struck by his humility. He was a man of real ability and of exceptional intellectual power; but he made no display of his gifts. On the contrary, he concealed them. Most people, on first becoming acquainted with him, did not see his gifts. They had to find them out for themselves, and they usually did find them out. But how rare a virtue is true humility! Many of us try to be humble, but in the very effort to be humble we become self-conscious and proud. It was said of an ancient philosopher who affected an ascetic garb, that his pride could be seen through the holes of his cloak. He was proud of his humility. But true humility is unconscious of itself, and what we noticed in Philip Smith was just this absence of self-consciousness. His humility was without effort; it flowed naturally and easily from the well-spring of his character.

What then, you will ask, was the secret of this trait? The secret lies in two facts, first, he realized the solemnity and greatness of the facts of life; and secondly, he realized the greatness of the truths of religion. There are two influences which impart

true humility. One is the realization of the great work there is to be done in the world, the sympathetic perception of the needs of humanity, of the sorrows and sufferings, the poverty and degradation of our fellowmen, and the sense of responsibility that it is our work to try and contribute something to the remedy of this mass of evil. This is the first thing; and the second is to realize the great truths of religion: to see clearly the relations in which we stand to God. When we look away from ourselves, out on to the great works of God, we feel how feeble, how frail, how insignificant a thing is man, and yet how condescending is the Love of God, and we break out into the Psalmist's cry, "When I consider the heavens, even the work of Thy fingers, the moon and the stars which Thou hast ordained: Lord what is man that Thou art mindful of him? And the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

Such then was the humility of Philip Smith; not assumed, not affected, but the natural result of the fundamental principles of his life.

But next to his humility we loved him for his unselfishness. Unselfishness may be called the sum of all virtues. Unselfishness implies self-control, sympathy, love. Every vice is a form of selfishness, and, conversely, all virtue is a form of unselfishness. We all know how hard of attainment this virtue of unselfishness is. He attained it; why? Because his life was a life of high aspirations. His hopes were above and beyond this present world. Selfishness is the child of low desires. The drunkard is selfish; the avaricious man is selfish; the ambitious man is selfish; nay even the purely intellectual man is selfish. Why? Because the aspirations of all these are low. Their ideals are all more or less grovelling, because they are cribbed and confined within the limits of this present life. Philip Smith was unselfish because he had devoted himself to a high ideal of life, which extended beyond the horizon of this world. In the pursuit of this ideal, therefore, there was nothing which he was not ready to give. His first thought was not of himself but of his *work*. Very touchingly did this trait in his character come out as death approached. His constant anxiety was lest others should be overworked because he was sick; and his eagerness to be well again was simply eagerness to be back to his work.

When, the day before his death, the doctor told him he must give up any thoughts of going back to work, "Oh doctor," he exclaimed, "do not say that!"

This is the quality which we need so much, this power of devoting ourselves to a noble cause, of devoting ourselves to an ideal for which we can give everything.

In these things, then, we have the key note of that character which attracted us so powerfully, as every noble character does influence powerfully those with whom it comes in contact. There are, in fact, few influences in the world more powerful than character. The life of Philip Smith was not what people would call a great life. Greatness demands extraordinary powers and an extensive sphere of work. He was not a great orator, or a great thinker, nor a great statesman. His sphere of work was limited and obscure. But, though he was not a great man, he had a great character. He was great in his humility, great in his unselfishness, great in his devotion to duty, great in his deep and true affection. All this made him a power. From his presence people felt that there flowed out a purity, an unworldliness which made them ashamed of themselves, and set before them a higher ideal of life. We need to appreciate in these days, more than we do, the power of character. We are dazzled by the show and splendour of material power. We see what wealth can do, what capital can do: how it can cover the sea with ships, and spread its network of railways and telegraphs over a vast continent. The products of such powers are visible and tangible. But the power of character, if more obscure, is not less potent, or its effects less permanent.

Or again, how great is the power of intellect. When we consider what has been effected by poets, historians, orators, statesmen, and when we think of the intellectual wealth they have contributed to the world, and reflect how they have shaped the destinies of great empires, we are apt to forget that there is a force as mighty as any of these, a force far more sorely needed in these days, the force of simple goodness. For tell me, who are the salt of society? Who save it from corruption and consequent ruin? Who preserve to the race that force and energy, that loftiness of purpose which alone makes the growth of greatness possible? What is that power without which great orators would speak to the air, and great poets sing to the wind; without which science and politics, art and learning, would be only labour lost? Who are they, I ask, who make all these things powerful for good? Who, but those thousands of noble lives, obscure, unknown beyond a small circle of friends, but which, nevertheless, by simple force of character, by honesty of purpose, integrity, justice, truthfulness and purity, have helped to elevate the little portion of society in which they moved. One of these was Philip Smith.

And such lives can ill be spared. The multiplication of such characters is the great need of the age.

Never had the world so rich a store of intellectual power as now. Athens was once the centre of a tiny circle of intellectual life. To-day knowledge is a power which has covered the earth. Never was the world so rich in the material products of civilization. Never before have such marvellous appliances been seen for all the utilities and luxuries of life. But something is wanting. Why, in spite of this intellectual and material advancement, is the world still steeped in poverty, misery, sin? There is still one thing, nay *the one thing* needful, to be sought for—character. The world wants fewer brilliant men, and more of the ordinary common-place virtues, self-control, temperance, courage, unselfishness, love. For lack of these society is wasting its strength in a hopeless combat against the consequences of its own vices.

Philip Smith, then, was a power, because he supplied just what the world needs so sorely, the influence of a simply good and beautiful character; and his example is especially valuable for us just for this reason, that because of its modest simplicity it is an example possible for us to imitate. We cannot all be orators, authors, or politicians, but we can all, if we will, shape each within ourselves a character which, by its simple unconscious influence, will tend to make the society around us also more truthful, more temperate, more charitable, more self-denying.

But there is another lesson which we may learn from the life of Philip Smith; I mean the lesson of fidelity to truth. His childhood, as I told you the other day, was passed in a strictly religious home. At College his mind became unsettled, and he passed through a phase of religious doubt. From what cause these doubts arose I do not know; what I want to impress upon you is, that when the doubts arose he faced them. He was not afraid to probe the foundations of his religion. He was not satisfied with that shallow scepticism which rejects without patient and painful enquiry. He confronted his doubts and questioned them boldly.

Now, there are, I think, in the sphere of religion, two opposite phases of mind. There is the spirit which shrinks from enquiry. It feels no pressure from truth. It accepts a traditional creed without asking on what authority or evidence it rests. There is a wide difference, believe me, between accepting a religion and believing in it. Thousands may accept a religion while very few believe in it. Real belief, as contrasted with the mere acceptance of a traditional religion, can only be gained by enquiry. Before a man, who has come to years of reason, can *believe in* a religion he has to find the answer to many questions. On what authority is it based? Does it tell us anything beyond what human ex-

perience could by itself discover? Are its doctrines mere speculations or are they based upon facts? Is its tendency towards the moral elevation of its adherents, or the reverse? Do its doctrines harmonise with our highest moral intuitions? Does it set before us a standard of conduct above us, or does it give us a standard below our own highest ideal? Again, is it reasonable? Does it interpret the more mysterious facts of our life and nature, and of our inner consciousness? Does it give any explanation of the world as we see it, and of the puzzles and paradoxes of human society? Does it supply any key to the hopes and fears of our own inner life? A religion, whether true or false may tell us many things which we cannot understand, but if it be true it must have some reasonable explanation of the facts without us and within us. If religion is to be a real power within us, we cannot help asking it these questions. For if it is to be a *practical religion*, and not a mere sentiment or a pleasing emotion, but a guide in the daily affairs of life, then we require *conviction*, a *personal assurance* that the religion which we accept is true. And this personal conviction can only be gained by enquiry. We may shirk the pain and labour and anxiety of enquiry. But such moral cowardice saps the foundation of belief, and makes religion a hollow unreality. Religion becomes henceforth a dead thing, a mere mechanical routine.

But, besides the moral cowardice which shrinks from enquiry, there is another spirit equally fatal to real religion; I mean the spirit of shallow scepticism. If it be wrong for a reasonable man lightly to accept a religion, it is no less wrong lightly to reject it. Religion is not a matter to be trifled with. Whether there be a God or no; whether or not there is a life after death—these are not questions about which a sensible man will dare to be indifferent. "It is well said, in every sense," wrote Carlyle, "that a man's religion is the chief fact with regard to him." To treat religion in a flippant careless way is to insult the dignity of human life. Religion is one of the few things in life about which it is an *imperative duty* to make up our minds. There are many other interesting and important subjects about which we can afford to suspend our judgment. There are problems in mathematics, controverted statements in history, theories and counter-theories in science about which we may reasonably hold as yet no conviction. Suspense of judgment in such matters is often the mark of a wise and well balanced mind. But religion is a thing we have to live and die by. It is a matter of life and death. We must never rest until we have passed from doubt to conviction. If we are in doubt we must face the doubt, and aim at the solution of it, as the one most serious business of our life.

This was the way in which Philip Smith treated his doubts. He never rested until he had found their solution. And if there was one needful lesson which more than another he tried to preach in his life it was this: "Be earnest; face the great problems of life and do not trifle with them."

At the close of the Service the choir sang the hymn—

"Jesus lives ! no longer now
 Can thy terrors, Death, appal us ;
 Jesus lives ! by this we know
 Thou, O Grave, canst not enthrall us,"
 Alleluia !



